

The Weekly Expositor

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YALE.

MICH.

It is respectfully suggested that the emperor of Germany is crowding the divine write of kings a trifle hard when he composes operas.

A CHICAGO astronomer has discovered a green spot on the moon. We may yet have a scientific corroboration of the old theory that the moon is made of green cheese.

AN Astor scandal, a Vanderbilt scandal, a McAllister scandal and a Stewart scandal all on the boards at one and the same time is rather crowding the mourners.

WAR news from China and Japan costs on an average \$2.50 a word. This will prevent any enterprising war correspondent who wishes to hold the wires from telegraphing the book of Genesis.

ELOPEMENTS are less romantic in real life than they are in novels, but the news of three elopements on the Atlantic coast is an agreeable and optimistic variation from recent records of as many suicides per day.

AS PETE JACKSON has sailed for London by way of the West Indies his little scrap with Champion Corbett may be expected to grow still hotter and take on an international character. The first rounds were fought by telephone, but now comes close in-fighting by cable.

NEN years ago Madame Nordica's husband went up in a balloon and neglected to come down. Madame Nordica has finally concluded that ten years is long enough to sit up for a husband who is out without a latch-key and has arranged to wed another man who will be content to loaf around on earth and be supported.

THE water cycle cannot hope to compete in utility with the one which has taken such swift possession of the land, but it may not be an entire failure, and one of them in England has made a successful trip across the Bristol channel, which is at times quite a rough strip of water, calculated to put such a device to a severe trial.

DROUGHT is not an altogether indiscriminate leveller. For instance, in Nebraska corn, which was planted in deep-plowed ground will make a part crop; while everything else is burned up. Crops which are carefully cultivated and attended to properly in spite of the discouraging outlook, almost always pay something for the extra trouble.

EDUCATION of the people in the value of forestry culture is expensively slow. What the several states of the union ought to make haste in doing is precisely what New York state has done, namely, to set apart certain timbered lands for state park purposes. The Adirondack park already has an interest about it that is international.

EMPEROR WILLIAM would probably not consider it a compliment to be told that he would make a first-class press agent for an operative star, but the hubbub which he has just raised, the twentieth in about two years, is proof that he possesses some very versatile talents in the sensational line. If the king business ever fails to pay he can make a living in other roles without great effort.

SOME years ago Prince Bismarck was reported as saying that in constitutional government Germany was two centuries behind Great Britain, and the recent speech of Emperor William about the divine rights of Germany's rulers confirms Bismarck's opinion. It was such a speech as might have been expected from Charles I. or James II, but hardly from any English monarch of later date.

THE unfortunate man who committed suicide to get rid of the torture of a carbuncle must have been employing the ancient method for curing that affliction—namely, poulticing and cauterizing in order to keep the scourage alive as long as possible. Had he known the scientific method, instead of the grandmother's—namely, touching it with a tiny drop of carbolic acid—he might have been rid of the pest in a day and survived to render his life useful to others, if not tolerable to himself.

THE French locomotives are hereafter to be built to a cased point forward which will have a certain resemblance to the sharp ram prow of a warship, the purpose being to minimize the resistance of the atmosphere. They are already spoken of as "the locomotives with snouts," but they cannot be any uglier than the ordinary French locomotive. Indeed, the European locomotive is an ugly, clumsy looking thing, with none of the suggestion of trim alertness found in the appearance of our own express "flyers."

POOR Paderewski! His pictures are a drug in the Parisian market, and all because he has been losing some of his hair. Paderewski can finger the piano-forte with just as much dexterity as ever; he can make his few remaining hairs swing out and hover over him and the rest of the parlor grand like the humble foliage of an immense umbrellia tree, but he hasn't the intricate and extensive hirsute forest he once had, and so his photographs have few buyers. His erstwhile idolators have found some other hirsute shrine. Poor Paderewski!

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT THE PLUTOCRATS.

The Conversion of Zaccheus and Its Relation to the History That Is Now Being Made in This Country—The Weak Are of God.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 23, 1894.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now preparing to leave Australia for India, on his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press: "The Tax Collector's Conversion," the text being taken from Luke xix: 9, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus was a politician and a tax-gatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealings" was so large, the temptation was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man, upright in an insignificant position, has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "Ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure—if by no other way, perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation, there were streaks of good about him, as there is about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a very small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see him. Here he comes—the Lord of Glory—on foot, dust-covered and road-weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man, and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground; so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on, and trying to gain his attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree, and says, "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

Here Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The king of heaven and earth sits down; and as he looks around on the place and the family, he pronounces the benediction of the text: "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so, many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about his divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate, and criticize, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We can not be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You can not go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem. Why be perplexed about the way? It came into the world, when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts? How many spend their time in criticism and religious speculation! They take the Rose of Sharon, or the lily of the valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla, and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make a mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity. William Pennington was one of the wisest men of this country—a governor of his own state, and afterward speaker of the house of representatives. Yet, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in, and sat down among some children who were applying for church membership, and he said to his pastor, "talk to me as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain. Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the theological seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing he turned upon me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hands on the spines of the cactus instead of feasting ourselves on its tropical bloom. A great company of people now sit swarming themselves on the sycamore tree of their pride, and I cry to you, "Zaccheus, come down!" Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You

can not ride into the gate of heaven with coach and four, postilion ahead and lackey behind. "Except ye become as little children ye can not enter the kingdom of God." God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down! come down!

I notice that this tax-gatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says: "If I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore four-fold." That is, if I have taxed any man for \$10,000 when he had only five thousand dollars' worth of property, and put in my own pocket the tax for the last five thousand, I will restore to him four-fold. If I took from him \$10 I will give him \$40. If I took from him \$10 I will give him \$100.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts, and for the sake of defrauding your creditors you put your property in your wife's name. You might cry until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would not get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife; but if, in time of perplexity and for the sake of defrauding your creditor you make such assignment, you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given, commences foreclosure—the sheriff mounts the auction-block, and the property is struck down to at half price, and the mortgagee buys it in. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price, and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution, there is no mercy for him. Suppose you sell goods by a sample, and then afterward send to your customer an inferior quality of goods. You have committed a fraud and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a handkerchief for silk, telling him it is all silk and it is part cotton. No mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a horse, saying he is sound, and he afterward turns out to be spavined and balky. No mercy for you until you have made restitution.

The way being clear, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man; his wife a different woman; the children are different. Oh! it makes a great change in any house when Christ comes into it. How many beautiful homes are represented among you! There are pictures on the wall, there is music in the drawing room; and luxuries in the wardrobe; and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep, there is one word with which I could wake you, and thrill you through and through, and that word is "home!" There are also houses of suffering represented, in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe, nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot or a bunk in a corner; yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Though the world may scoff at us, and pursue us, and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor at home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about, bearing burdens that well-nigh crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home.

Up to forty years men work for themselves; after that, for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them. Nothing but dollars! Alas! what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as your wife's, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once; they will soon have to pick out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once; they will soon have to fight their own battles. Oh! let it not be told on judgment day that you let your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you, and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! if father and mother miss heaven the children will. Oh! let Jesus come into your house. Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Build your altar to-night. Take the family bible lying on the parlor-table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that great ponderous Book of the Judgment, where is recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zaccheus, come down! Come down! Jesus is passing by.

PAID IN FULL.

I.

Count Clairville had just given in marriage his only daughter Yolande to the Marquis of Kergouet, of an old and proud Breton family. The ceremony was over and the church doors were being opened, displaying the high altar decorated with flowers and lights, and in the garlanded doorway, appeared the young pair, while the bells pealed joyously. All nature seemed to be in festive attire, for the sweet odor of spring filled the air, the wild birds singing merrily, and sunbeams fell like a halo across the foreheads of the bride and groom. She was fair and graceful, and in her white gown and veil seemed like an angel strayed from heaven; the bridegroom, noble and gallant, looked with love unutterable at the fair girl who leaned upon his arm.

The country people were dressed in their Sunday clothes, the men wearing rosettes in their button-holes, the women with lilacs-of-the-valley in their bodices, and all waved flowering hawthorn branches, and made the air ring with exclamations.

"Long live Mademoiselle Yolande! Long live the bride! God bless our sweet young lady!" they cried, and from time to time they added: "Long live the marquis!"

The church of Clairville overlooked the village, being built on a rocky eminence, and was approached by a steep winding path and staircase; rich and poor, noble and simple, dead and living, all must enter the church by way of "Paradise Road." The wedding party, glittering in gold and silver and velvet, and followed by the cheering crowd, walked down this rustic pathway to where the carriages were waiting, and the bridegroom, pleased by the enthusiasm of the people and their evident affection for his bride, said to her, tenderly:

"You see, my love, how dear you are to these people. They will never forget you. I fear they owe me a grudge for stealing their good angel from them."

The bride smiled and raised her sweet eyes to his face for a moment, and then to her father saying:

"It is such a beautiful day, papa; may we not walk home?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it," he replied, glad of the opportunity of pleasing his child, from whom he must soon be parted; and, accordingly, the bridal pair, walked through the village to the chateau of Clairville, which was situated at the other end, while the dowagers and other persons followed in their carriages.

Yolande, leaning on her husband's arm, stopped repeatedly at the humble cottages where the poor men and women, whom age or infirmity rendered unable to go out, were waiting in their doorways to see the bride pass. For each one she had a word or a smile, and many a trembling hand and weak, thin voice was raised to bless her.

The joyous procession now reached a turn in the narrow road and came to a standstill, being met by a funeral party. It was a very poor affair; there was no coronet emblazoned on the white pall which covered the corpse of a young maiden, and not a flower was seen there, not a single blossom, in spite of the warm spring-time. Behold the bier a poorly clad man, the only mourner, walked slowly, looking, with his head bent and his face covered by his hands, a picture of despairing grief. At sight of Clairville wedding party, the men carrying the bier stopped and would have turned out of the road, but the mourner raised his head and gazed fiercely at the happy throng, who with their rich gala clothing and smiling faces seemed to offer insult to sorrow.

"Go on," he said, in a hoarse voice to the porters, as if he would have liked to crush the fine lords and ladies beneath his feet, but the men did not stir. Then the count stepped forward, saying gravely:

"Respect the dead, friends! Fall back and let the bier pass."

He was instantly obeyed, and the funeral moved on past the gorgeously-attired throng, who made way reverently, the ladies crossing themselves and the lords removing their hats. As the bier passed the bride, she was filled with pity at the sight of the young, still form under the white pall, and, taking a spray of orange blossoms out of her bouquet, she laid it gently upon the bier. The stern mourner saw the act, and his expression softened a little; then, covering his face again, he broke into low sobs.

"Who is that man?" asked Count Clairville.

"I don't know, my lord," replied the man addressed. "He is a stranger. He came to the inn a few days ago with his sister. She was almost dead, as any one could see. He seemed to love her very much, and when she died he cursed like a heretic and shook his fist at heaven. This morning I told him it was too early to bury the funeral, and that he ought to give the cure time to change his stole after the wedding, but he would not listen to me."

The bridal party moved on, and soon the merry peals of the church bells were changed to a mournful tolling as the bier passed under the gay floral decoration of the door.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the mourner of a bystander.

"The bride! That is Mademoiselle Yolande de Clairville," was the reply, and the stranger murmured softly:

"May she always be happy!"

Then he went into the church.

Twenty years passed and the Reign of Terror began. In La Vendee the war was at its height, when the convention sent one of its members to Nantes with instructions to take swift and violent measures against the royalists.

Accordingly this man, Carrier by name, caused a large number of "suspects" to be confined in the Entrepot, a building near the Cathedral of St. Pierre; men, women and children were hustled pell-mell into this auto-chamber of the River Loire, and in spite of the daily drownings, the prison was ever thronged with victims.

In a large, low hall the terrible prison provided at the mock trials. The prisoners were divided into two parties—the accused and the condemned; the former group diminished rapidly as the latter increased, and at last Carrier resolved to hurry the proceedings by disposing with all formality in disposing of the victims.

Then the fatal words, "Condemned

to death!" were heard repeatedly, as the Royalists were hurried across the hall.

"Henri de Kergouet!" called the clerk, and a young man about eighteen years of age left his companions and advanced toward the tribunal. He bowed to the judge with as much ease and grace as if he were at the court of Versailles, and seemed to be unconscious of the fact that a cruel death awaited him.

"You are accused of conspiring against the republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier; "you took part in a plot against my life."

The youth turned a frank, fearless pair of eyes toward the speaker, and answered slowly:

"I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice, entreatingly.

Carrier cast a furious glance round him, and then Henri de Kergouet was hurried away. Two women now stood before the judge, who asked of the elder one:

"Are you the mother of that young man?"

"I am," she answered, "and this girl is his sister."

"Your name?"

"Yolande de Clairville, marquis de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the investigation at an end, and added, briefly:

"Condemned to death—all three!"

The doomed were now led back to their dungeons, and at 9 o'clock at night the executions began. Tied together, two by two, the unfortunate were thrown into the boats, taken out on the river, and dispatched with sword or bayonets, and their bodies cast into the water. This method, however, soon proved too slow to satisfy Carrier, and he caused hundreds of his victims to be driven out to a neighboring quarry and shot.

The Marquis de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence, when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother.

"Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quick!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreadful proconsul, who looked at her earnestly, and, when they were left alone, asked slowly:

"What is your name?"

"Yvonne de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur," replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?"

"I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yvonne, eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?"

"Sixteen years, monsieur."

"Then you have not yet learned to lie. Listen to me. Here is a letter which I confide to you on condition of your promising me that it shall not be opened until midnight. Moreover, you are not to speak of it to any one. Have I your promise? Very well. Go!"

The frightened girl took the letter, put it into her bosom, and was taken back to the cell, but before she had time to reply to the anxious questioning with which her mother and brother greeted her, a man appeared, carrying a pistol, signed to them all to follow him, and led them out of the prison. Then imposing the strictest silence upon them, he gave his arm to Yvonne, while Henri de Kergouet supported his mother's trembling form. In a few minutes the little party reached the river bank, after hurrying through the dark streets of the city, and the royalists realized at a glance that they were not far from the spot where the execution of that day had taken place. Their guide gave a signal, and a man in a boat instantly made his appearance from out of the gloom.

"Get in," said the boatman, in a low tone and as soon as they were seated he rowed out into the middle of the stream.

"Be brave, little sister," whispered Henri, clasping Yvonne to his heart; and then they all waited calmly for their last hour to come. In a few brief moments, they seemed to live their whole lives over, to feel again the joys and sorrows of their early childhood, as well as their recent trials and alarms.

Suddenly they saw in the distance the outline of a ship dimly defined against the dark sky; they approached it rapidly, and before they had recovered from their amazement found themselves on board, while their late conductor rowed back to the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked Henri, after an astonished pause.

"That you are saved!" replied the captain of the ship.

"Saved? How? By whom?"

"That is more than I can tell you, madame. All that I know of the matter is that a few hours ago I received a large sum of money and an order to wait here for three passengers who wished to go to England. The order was accompanied by a safe-conduct signed by the proconsul, Carrier. In a few days we shall, with a good wind, be in sight of the English coast."

The little family hardly able to believe their ears, looked at each other in wondering delight, and Madame de Kergouet murmured, with a prayer of thanksgiving:

"Who can our unknown friend be?"

Then Yvonne suddenly asked the captain what hour it was.

"It is just half-past twelve, madame."

"It is for you mamma," she said giving it to her mother; but the marquis signed to her son to read it aloud. It ran as follows:

"Twenty years ago, on your wedding day, you laid a flower from your bridal bouquet on my sister's coffin. She was just sixteen years old. I wish to pay my debt, and in return for your flower I give you three lives. CARRIER."

To Those Who Bathe.

Cold bathing in the early morning is beneficial only to those persons who have sufficient vital energy and nervous force to insure good reaction with no subsequent languor or lassitude. Many persons who are greatly refreshed by their morning bath feel tired or languid two or three hours after it. When this occurs it is conclusive evidence against the practice.

THE EYE OF THE EAGLE.

Can See Objects Close at Hand as Well as Those at a Distance.

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height and from that elevation can see its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty, says the Louisville Commercial. Yet the same bird can scrutinize with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance in a manner to which the human eye is unfitted and of which it is totally incapable. In looking at a printed page we find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness, but if the page be moved to a distance of forty inches or brought within a distance of five inches we find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would therefore call ten inches the focus, or focal distance, of our eyes. This distance cannot be altered except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of its eye just as it pleases. It has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course, the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance that the Creator has supplied for its accommodation. It employs it instinctively and because it cannot help it. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring and their edges slightly overlap each other. When it looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; when it looks at a very near object the little bones press together and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to every one. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make its eyes round or flat and see with equal clearness at any distance.

TEACH CHILDREN TO SWIM.

This Is Advice That Parents Ought Carefully to Consider.

In view of the many and harrowing deaths by drowning that are always coming among the distressing incidents of the summer season, it would seem as though parents would consider it far more necessary to have their children taught to swim than to spend so much care and trouble on accomplishments that are of no earthly value to any of the latter who gets into water over his or her head. This little preach, says the Philadelphia Times, is not meant by any means in the way to run down advantages to be derived from the highest mental training, but what good will diplomas and honorary degrees be if in a moment of impulsive recklessness, or owing to some unforeseen accident, the student learns, alas, that it is sink or swim, with nine chances out of ten in favor of the former, if there has never heretofore been given, along with the other thought to be necessary lessons, a single one of the most important branches of human education? Boys and girls alike should be given instruction in this branch. Parents would feel highly incensed if some outsider were to remark that they cared more for the mental health of their children than for their physical welfare. Yet in many cases this is true, though perhaps unwittingly so. Outside of the fact that a knowledge of swimming may some time be the means of saving life, it is a most healthful and delightful exercise, even though never put to any more exacting purpose than to pass away pleasantly a few hours at the natatorium or in the surf. In giving children as many of the pleasures of life as lie within the power of their parents to grant, lessons in swimming should be among the first thought of, for the pastime, unlike many others, serves a double purpose that may some day prove its practical usefulness.

Tenements Preferred.

The tenement-house instinct seems strong even in the suburbs of New York, and a land owner who built a few graceful little cottages to rent at \$20 a month, after having them lie empty on his hands, saw one of them sub-let by a tenant on the tenement-house plan. Neighboring high-shouldered structures, easily divided into suits of small apartments, rented promptly. The public taste was not for the graceful cottage, but for the cheapest place of shelter.

How a Fish Swims.

A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the fish theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades, and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional action of the tail to give it power.

Makes a Big Difference.

Mr. Timmids—How would a girl feel if she received a proposal by letter?

Friend—If she didn't care for you she'd feel insulted.

"Um—well—er—suppose she did care for me?"

"She'd say 'yes' by telegraph."